

Good Morning 760

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

By Derek Heberton



A.B. Alfred Carpenter and L-Sto. Norman Roberts take the "Good Morning" car for a visit to the Windmill Theatre.

IT was a gala day at Morden, Surrey, when members of the crew of H.M. Submarine Strongbow gathered at the Church of St. Lawrence, for the wedding of one of their number to a local girl. The submariner was A.B. D. J. Wood, and the girl he married was Miss Ellen Eyles, of 267, Aragon-road, Morden Park.

According to "Fuse" Wilson, who was there with his cameras, everything went according to plan, including the business of drinking the couple's health.

Wilson had his little black book with him too, and from it he has given me the following list of submariners who were around to wish the newly-weds the best of everything: Chief Petty Officer Waters, Leading Telegraphist Pollard, Petty Officer Rogers, Petty Officer Terry, Leading Signaller Beck, Leading Stoker Peat, A.B. Palmer, A.B. Biggs, Stoker Evans, Stoker Taylor, Stoker Goodwin, Stoker Clarke, Stoker Chelton, and Stoker Morrison.

Congratulations from the staff of "Good Morning" go to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and I think some tribute is also due to Wilson, for collecting so many names after a couple of hours with Strongbow.

FROM the deck of H.M. Submarine Tuna, lying off the French coast, on the night of December 7th, 1942, slipped five two-man canoes—officially known as cockles—at the start of one of the strangest adventures of the war at sea.

The object of this small force of Marines, under the command of Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) H. G. Hasler, was to paddle 50 miles up the Gironde River and attack enemy shipping with "limpet" mines.

Disaster nearly overtook the small force at the outset, for within one and a half hours of setting out, the cockle Coalfish had floundered in the tide-race, and shortly after Conger was lost in the same way. Cuttlefish later lost formation, and nothing was seen of her again.

Only Catfish—manned by Major Hasler and Marine Sparks—and Crayfish were

left to beach when daylight came.

The journey upstream was made by night, while the Marines hid with their craft by day. After the third night's paddling upstream, they landed to find themselves 50 yards from an ack-ack site, but they remained concealed in long grass all day.

On the fourth night the cockles were launched at 6.45 p.m., and after two miles they had reached the pontoon pier opposite Bassens South. A passage was forced through a gap in the reeds, and at daylight two good-sized ships were sighted half a mile away.

The following evening was spent fusing the mines, and then the two craft set out. Catfish passed the basin entrance and planted mines on a 7,000-ton cargo ship, a transport and a tanker, while Crayfish attacked two ships, planting five mines on the larger and three on the smaller.

From the deck of the mined transport a sentry shone his torch on Catfish, but Major Hasler pulled his cockle under the shelter of the ship and let her drift with the tide.

THE river police have a history at once vivid and romantic. They are London's Silent Patrol. They work over 75 miles of river, the longest police patrol in Britain. Before the new Waterloo Bridge was built you may have noticed (and may still notice) the police pier cuddled against the bridge. It is known by the Yard as Suicide Station.

On that raft is a room with a little bed, towels, bath, stimulants—and river policemen, with their boat always ready. Waterloo Bridge has always been a notorious place for would-be suicides; for one thing, they can get over the parapet easily.

But the river cops have lots to do besides dragging people from the Thames. At one time there was a race of "pirates" who stole goods from ships and broke into the dock warehouses from the river. The greatest of all these desperadoes was Slippery Jack—but that is another story to be told later.

During the years immediately following the World War No. 1, big quantities of drugs were being smuggled into England. From 1918 until 1923 the traffic was at its height, and practically all of the drugs came up the river. So bad was it that a special Dope Squad was organised to combat the business.

Both cockles used double paddles for extra speed on the way back, and at 6 a.m. they separated, landing about a quarter of a mile apart. From that moment nothing was heard of Crayfish, and of the ten men who set out on the expedition, only Major Hasler and Marine Sparks got back to England.

But the attack was a success, for three, and probably five, of the ships were holed by the "limpet" mines. And for Major Hasler and Marine Sparks it won respectively the D.S.O. and the D.S.M.

TWO lucky people who called at this office recently were A.B. Alfred G. Carpenter and Leading-Stoker Norman S. Roberts.

I say lucky, because they found "Fuse" Wilson around the place, and if anyone can pull strings it is him. You see, these particular submariners wanted

Cocaine, opium, and even morphia, were coming in. Of these, cocaine was the most commonly handled. It is an offence to take cocaine except under medical prescription, but the dope pedlars didn't worry about doctors' prescriptions.

The addicts took it because it gave them a new sensation after the war years. It made them feel filled with sparkling vim. At first.

Cocaine is white, it scintillates in the dark, and bears the nickname of "snow." It can be taken in two ways, first by sniffing it like snuff, and secondly by hypodermic injection in liquid form. Brilliant Chang dealt extensively in cocaine.

But Brilliant Chang wasn't his name at all. His real name was Chan Nan. The river police heard his name mentioned by pedlars. But how did he get the cocaine? One way, and that was by river.

He imported it from Germany, where it was made, and the German manufacturers have a lot to answer for. Chang saw to it that no parcel ever came to him direct. He had many scouts, many dealers, and many pedlars. The drug was presented in many forms—in cigarette papers, in pills, in tiny boxes, in tubes. It was even mixed with sugar, sifted

to further their education by a visit to the Windmill Theatre. They wanted, in fact, a seat with a view, or rather two seats with a view—and what a view!

As you will see by the photograph alongside, "Fuse" got them there, though he still says he doesn't know whether he took them or they took him.

FOUR survivors from a crashed super-fortress who were rescued from the Indian Ocean by a submarine are now well on the way to recovery at a hospital in Calcutta.

The fortress was attacked by a Japanese fighter and the number one engine was shot away. The aircraft was set on fire and nine members of the crew baled out. An R.A.F. Catalina flying-boat rescued five of the American flyers, and the four picked up by the submarine were later taken off by another Catalina.

THE INNOCENCE OF BRILLIANT CHANG

By Crime Reporter, Stuart Martin



stuff, but nobody had ever been able to find it. His flat had been searched too often for any hiding-place to be there.

I daresay the Yard would have found Chang's place in time, but when that time would have arrived it is difficult to say. Fortunately, Chang tripped over himself.

Down in Limehouse there were several suspect houses in what was then known as Chinatown. It was a region of narrow streets, lanes and alleys, as intricate as a rabbit warren. It was here that considerable opium-smoking was done. (I spent a night in one "den," but that story will keep.)

I have read in some fiction stories that the opium "dens" were in the cellars. That is silly. The smoking of opium generally took place on the top floor, so that the fumes—once smelt, never forgotten—were not easily detected.

If you saw a Chink enter by the front door, and you kept watch, you would probably see him make his exit by a door some way down. It was that kind of place.

Living in Limehouse Causeway at this time was an elderly Chink, a friend of the notorious Mantat, who was imprisoned later for harbouring opium smokers. Ling Sen was this old chap's name, and he knew Brilliant Chang. But Chang had done him down on a deal, it was said, and Sen, like most Chinks, remembered.

Knowing that the police were after Chang, but were hampered by lack of knowledge about his storehouse, this elderly Chink approached a river policeman and whispered that if anybody wanted to get evidence about Chang the evidence was to be had in a room which Chang kept for himself in Limehouse.

Of course, the police knew that Chang had this room. They had raided it more than once. It was a queer contrast to the district. Although situated in Limehouse, it was furnished more like a room in a Park Lane mansion. The carpet was a costly piece, the furniture had all come from the best furnishees in London. The curtains were velvet and silk. There were shaded lights; oh, a very nice place.

The vital information was passed to the Yard. Within twenty-four hours the swoop was made, policemen outside the house, policemen at the street corners, policemen at the back door; and the raiders at the front.

It may have been that a new consignment of drugs had arrived from Germany. Anyway, this raid was different from any other. The cops found cocaine and other drugs in quantity enough to dope most of the West End. It was a valuable haul, and this time Chang had no alibi to offer on the spot.

He was arrested, charged, and finally tried at the Central Criminal Court. He put up a defence, of course, but the case was watertight against him, and no lawyer could break it down.

Brilliant Chang, otherwise Chan Nan, was sent to prison for eighteen months' hard labour, and was to be banished permanently from these shores. That broke the cocaine traffic in the West End, for the time being.

When Chang's name began to be connected with the traffic which was spreading in the West End of London as well as in the East End, the Yard began to look up Chang. He was doing very well with a swell flat in Mayfair.

How did he make his money? Why, let the officers come and see. He pointed to his restaurant in Regent Street. Fashionable people went there for Chinese food and other dainties.

Yes, Chang was doing well. He used to entertain his guests and his helpers in his swell flat. The police raided his flat, but there wasn't the ghost of a sign of snow there; at least, not that they could discover.

They raided his restaurant, and drew blank again. Chang was brilliant in his innocence. He puffed at his cigarette holder, made of solid gold, and said he was "not a bad man."

After all, why should the police think he was a dope trafficker just because he was a Chinese. The police hauled off; but they watched. They got one or two of his pedlars selling the stuff to chorus girls and actresses and smart people, and some who weren't so smart.

They found one man, an actor, whose body was so punctured with hypodermic jabs that it would have been a job to find a place on his skin that was free of the tell-tale marks.

This man's confession didn't help much, but it pointed again to Chang.

And then the Billy Cartleton sensation broke, and startled officialism. Billy Cartleton was a rising young actress. She was found dead. Investigations pointed one way and one way only.

Following on that came the professional dancing partner known as Freda Kempton. She lost her life, too; and Brilliant Chang was held to be morally responsible for these tragedies. There were others.

In the year 1924 Chang's places were raided, more of his pedlars were caught, but still never a chance of getting Chang. There was just no evidence to pin anything on to him.

Some of the "society" people who had dabbled in dope took fright and no longer came to Chang's restaurant or to his swell flat. Chang actually complained to a Yard detective that the attentions paid to him by the law officers were ruining his business!

When he was asked why it was that many of his female clients were of the demi-mondaine type, he spread his hands and shook his head. Could he be blamed for people who came to his place? If he was to ask a clean moral certificate from his customers they would be insulted. Was there no other restaurant in London where that kind of person went?

So Chang went on smoking his gold cigarette holder and buying sweller clothes and strolling about the West End; and still the cocaine traffic mounted in extent.

The police were worried, it must be admitted at once. They argued that Chang must have a headquarters for storing the



Crew of "Strongbow" form the Guard of Honour at St. Lawrence Church, Morden, Surrey, after the wedding of A.B. D. J. Wood, of that boat, to Miss Ellen Eyles, of Morden.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

CASH REGISTER NUGGETS

Concluding Fire Water and Caldota

THE second disaster occurred Senor Caldota? You forgot to pick, a shovel, two basins and a news that Perse had secured a mile of land for a dollar, and had started prospecting for gold. The up the river. This man has found it. He dug these nuggets out of the ground before my eyes, but he is no prospector and prefers to trade in a store. Let him tell you the terms he and I have come to in our journey from his camp to Anapala."

He raised the alarm and many men turned out to help subdue the flames, but dawn broke before the fire was conquered. The shack was in ruins, the stock had perished.

The cash register a twisted piece of metal.

Samuel was poking about the ruins when Mayor Caldota and Alita arrived. They surveyed the charred timbers and blackened debris, but Samuel did not notice their arrival, for he was busy looking at a twisted oil tin that lay near his wrecked house.

A cough from Alita caused him to turn his head.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Caldota.

Samuel rubbed his chin thoughtfully, while Alita's eyes searched his dirty features for a sign of hope.

"I think I'll leave Anapala," replied Samuel. "Jungle competition is a bit rough, isn't it, and beside it he laid a digger's

Alita stared at him, her face flushing, then turning white.

"You are going?" she asked coldly.

"I am going."

"Like the others," said her father. "It is difficult to find a husband worthy of you, Alita. A little bad luck and they go. Come."

He took her by the arm and led her off. Samuel Perse looked after them wistfully, his hand still rubbing his grimy chin. Once Alita looked back and he waved his hand to her, but she turned her head away.

An hour later he departed from Anapala. Out of his now slender resources he bought a small bongo and piled into it what goods were worth taking.

His fire-eaten, twisted, cash register was placed in the bows and beside it he laid a digger's

From behind a curtain Alita watched him disappear, then she went down to the store where her father was smoking a cigar and oiling his gun as usual. Her face was pale and her eyes red round the rims.

"Was it necessary to burn his house?" she asked, rebellion in her tone.

Mayor Caldota stopped cleaning his gun and looked at her strangely.

"It was the only way, Alita. You are fresh from civilisation and you do not know. The jungle tests men harder than I do, and if they cannot bear my tests they do not survive in the jungle. Think for yourself. I shall die some day. Do you think I would be happy to die if you were married to a man who could not tame the jungle or endure misfortune? My son-in-law will be Mayor after me. Do not fret. Some day there will come a man whom you will love."

"You have sent him away," she said, struggling with her tears.

"Alita, Alita, there are the three tests for real men in this country. First, water—the river. Second, fire—the jungle danger. Third—Caldota. Why? Because I know there are men, ruthless as the water or the fire. A lover worthy of you will come. One who will pass the tests."

She went back to her room and remained there for some days, while her father kept oiling his gun and smoking cigars in his store.

A month passed by before there came any word of Samuel Perse.

It was a peon who brought the

Men in Anapala began to talk of going up to prospect, and Caldota, hearing the talk in his store, became interested.

Another peon came down the river with word that gold had been found on Perse's new land.

The next morning Mayor Caldota started up river.

Alita watched him go as she had watched Samuel Perse go. She hoped that it was true that Perse had struck riches in the valleys of the jungle, and as she hoped she also feared that once more he might lose the fruit of his labours when other men arrived.

Many days came and went before she saw the prow of her father's boat come round the bend of the river.

It drew up at the landing stage and out of it stepped her father and Samuel Perse. They came up to the store and her father shut the door on the crowd who followed them.

She was in the store when they entered.

Her father glanced at her as he pointed to a stool for his visitor's use.

"Shall we make the deal alone, or before witnesses?"

"Before witnesses," said Samuel Perse.

Caldota went to the door and called in a few men. They entered, hats in hands, knowing that Caldota was about to show them another victory for himself.

Alita stood in a corner of the room striving to catch Samuel Perse's eye, hoping to warn him against this deal, but he kept his face away from her.

"Citizens," said the Mayor "there is gold in the valley high up the river. This man has found it. He dug these nuggets out of the ground before my eyes, but he is no prospector and prefers to trade in a store. Let him tell you the terms he and I have come to in our journey from his camp to Anapala."

He threw on the counter a dozen small nuggets which the men picked up and examined.

"My terms," said Samuel, "are very simple. I am no gold hunter of the hills. I admit it. I do not like the life. I have had enough. But Senor Caldota knows that my store here was burned and if he gives me his store, as it stands,

I shall give him the land I leased to prospect."

Alita's heart turned to water as she listened. Here was the man who had come to make good at Anapala shirking an opportunity because of the hardships of the jungle!

She heard the men murmur together, and saw her father draw a piece of paper from a drawer and begin to write laboriously on it. When he had written out the agreement he signed it, stamped it with the seal of

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Is Westminster Cathedral C. of E. or R.C.?
2. What is the annual salary of a British Member of Parliament?
3. What is Canadian whiskey made from?
4. What name is given to a collector of butterflies and moths?

5. What is falconry?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Red, White, Blue, Yellow, Green, Violet?

Answers to Quiz in No. 759

1. London, Bath.
2. Six.
3. Three.
4. Numismatist.
5. King George III.
6. Car is a private vehicle; others are public.

ECCENTRIC PEER

A COLD apricot tart on the sideboard every day of the year was the standing order in the household of Lord Alvaney, leading man of fashion and eccentric peer of the early nineteenth century.

Quite regardless of expense, he saw to it that his cook served him with the most extravagant food, and he surprised his friends with the most extraordinary dinners.

On one occasion he organised a competition at the club of which he was a member for the most costly dish, and won it himself.

His entry was a fricassee, of which the ingredients were the "noix," or small pieces of meat at each side of the back, of three hundred birds, of thirteen different kinds.

The terms of the competition allowed him to dine for nothing that evening, but the winning dish cost £108.

When Lord Alvaney came to stay, his friends were not only put to some anxiety in providing him with dinners worthy of such a connoisseur, but were constantly afraid they would wake up in the middle of the night to find the house afire.

It was a lifelong practice of the noble lord to read in bed by candlelight, and on deciding to sleep, to fling the candle into the middle of the room to extinguish it.

If the candle remained alight, in spite of this, he hurled a pillow at it.

Sometimes he could not be bothered to throw the candle down—he just stuffed it, still alight, under the bolster.

But it must be admitted that when it was his turn to be host, he did everything he could to assure the comfort of his friends.

When Lord Allen, a club crony of his who rarely left his rooms in the centre of London, spent a night under his roof, he hired a coach to drive backwards and forwards below his guest's window, and sent a servant to call out the time and the weather from time to time, so that his friend might sleep to accustomed sounds.

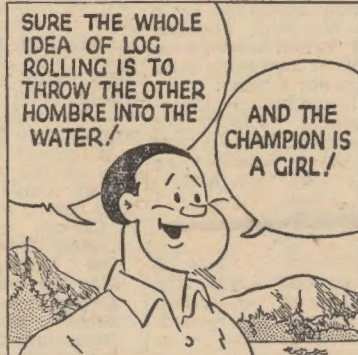
Becoming a member of another club, Lord Alvaney later resigned. He explained why. "I stood the place as long as I could," he said, "but when the seventeenth Bishop was proposed a member I gave in: I really could not enter the place without being put in mind of my Catechism."

If he had held on a bit longer, he would have been all right. For all the Bishops resigned from the club when a billiard table was installed.

The club ceased to exist not long afterwards because of a controversy over smoking. Older members of the club refused to allow smoking anywhere save in "an infamous hole" at the top of the premises.

D. N. K. B.

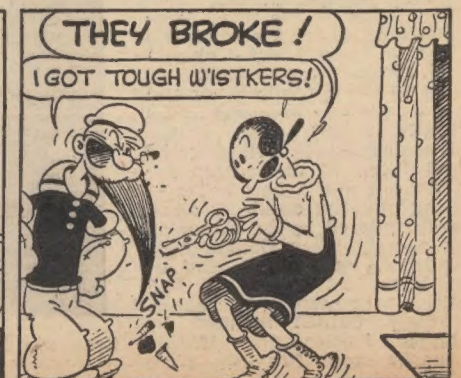
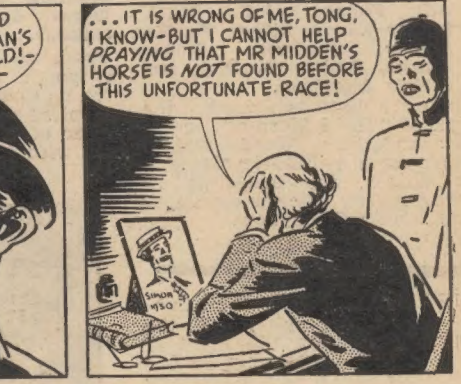
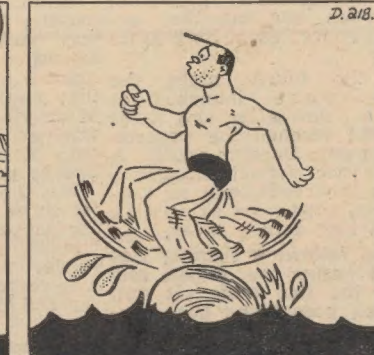
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 698

- 1. Behead a thin sheet and get results.
- 2. Insert the same letter eleven times and make sense of: ayecietoiivietheivins.
- 3. What bell-like sound can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: After they had performed their of strength, the athletes sat down to a —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 697

- 1. F-actor.
- 2. Buy the best brisket of beef at the butchers.
- 3. WHEAT.
- 4. Felt, left.

JANE

Fire, Water and Caldota

(Continued from Page 2) Anapala, and thrust it across to Perse.

The latter signed in turn and the witnesses followed. "Senor Perse," said Caldota, "here is your agreement. You are no man for the jungle of Anapala. I shall start a store on the land you have traded, and when the gold rush begins—" "Wait a minute," said Samuel, as he folded up the agreement and put it in his pocket. "Don't be in a hurry to start a gold rush. This store is mine, but if you can find gold up there in that mud hole you'll be a clever man. I'm warning you."

"But the gold I saw you dig?" cried Caldota. "It was there!" "Of course it was there. I put it there. Can't you imagine where it came from? When the fire wrecked my store the cash register was ruined. It contained money—gold dollars and silver coins—and the plan occurred to me to take some of these melted coins and dig them in, after I sent a peon down to report—" Mayor Caldota gripped the edge of his counter and stared at Samuel Perse in dumb-founded amazement. For half a minute the witnesses expected him to grab his gun and shoot; but through the store there rang the clear, triumphant voice of the girl who stood in the corner. "Samuel!" she cried. "Samuel!" Caldota's face changed when of your store. Alita, your future husband has come to Anapala." His eyes lost their hardness, then twinkled.



"—er—baby did it with the unbreakable doll we bought him, dear."

"Citizens," he said slowly, "there will be no gold rush. Senor Perse, here are the keys of your store. Alita, your future husband has come to Anapala." THE END

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you the nobility from a baron upwards:—

- 1. A light oily fibre of the silk-cotton tree.

- 2. Colonists of Dutch descent in South Africa.
- 3. Place of public contest.
- 4. Weird.
- 5. A step or degree.
- 6. A light beer.
- 7. Dramatic composition set to music.

(Solution to-morrow)

Solution to Puzzle in No. 759.

- 1. ne Gus
- 2. fa Ult
- 3. hi Ndu
- 4. je Wel
- 5. cl Ang
- 6. de Lta
- 7. pl Ead

ALEX CRACK

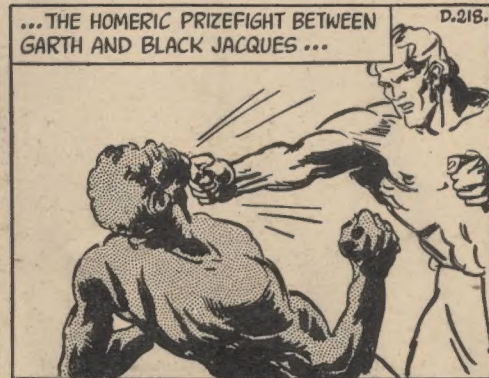
Tommy (in the throes of homework): Dad, it says here that if beer was 2d. a pint, what quantity could be purchased for half a crown? Father: Stop asking silly questions. You know very well I'm no good at ancient history.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People Are Queer

WHEN Mr. Twyman, evacuated from London as schoolmaster of a class of boys at the outbreak of war, decided to join the Luton Special Constabulary, he might have hesitated a bit longer if he had known it would mean travelling a total of 15,000 miles to carry out his duties. For he would not have believed, then, that he would get so keen on police work. Until March, 1942, the only travelling he had to do was while on his beat. But in that month he was transferred to a school at Chingford, Essex, 30 miles away. Despite the distance he continued as a Luton special constable, cycling the round 60 miles to and from the town about 136 times. In 1943 it looked as though he would have to throw his hand in. He had an operation which kept him five weeks in hospital, and when he came out the doctor broke to him the tragic news that he must never cycle long distances again. He was heart-broken. Then he got time-tables and found he could manage the journey by bus routes. And he did. Now, although there has been the official stand-down from war-time duties, he is still a Luton "Special." But he has to report for duty only half-a-dozen times a year—three times for church parades. D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

G	L	E	N	P	L	E	A	S	E
R	E	V	E	R	I	E	R	O	Y
I	X	I	A	A	T	T	I	R	E
M	I	L	T	O	N	H	A	R	D
C	E	L	O	P	E	E			
B	O	A	R	D	A	I	S	L	E
A	N	D	E	N	U	R	E	X	
K	V	A	N	E	S	A	R	A	
E	M	I	T	W	E	A	S	E	L
R	E	S	O	R	T	G	O	A	T
S	T	E	M	S	P	E	N	D	S

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								11
12			13			14	15	
16		17		18		19		
20		21		22				
23			24		25		26	
		27		28		29	30	
31	32				33			
		34			35		36	
37	38			39		40		
41					42			

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Cask plug. 7 Flat rigid piece. 10 Adornment. 11 Past. 12 Light infantry. 13 Drink. 14 Across. 16 Promise. 18 Missile. 20 Boy's name. 22 Mar. 23 Figure. 25 Cook. 27 Converse. 29 Have food. 31 Electric motor. 33 Pressure. 34 Standards. 36 Former. 37 Spice. 39 Bearing. 41 Ledge. 42 Refuse.

- CLUES DOWN.—1 Found answer to. 2 Antecedence. 3 Within. 4 Silence. 5 Leave out. 6 Purport. 7 Cease (two words). 8 Between sheets. 9 English poet. 15 Thin coat. 17 Rebuke. 19 Biscuit. 21 Fortress. 24 Tractable. 26 Pay. 28 Good soil. 30 One of U.S.A. 31 Barriers. 32 Pleasant. 33 Employer. 35 Covering. 38 Exclamation. 40 Number.



TWO GALS WHO CAN'T KEEP A SECRET.

Francis Vorne, she's the one on the left, displays the "no secret" swimsuit—voted the swimsuit of the year by a group of fashion experts. Dusty Anderson, she's the one on the right, doesn't believe in hiding her light under a bushel either, bless her.